No. 8.] PRICE TWO SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE. [OCTOBER, 1887.

"THE CENTURY GUILD HOBBY HORSE."

The aim of the Century Guild is to render all branches of Art the sphere, no longer of the tradesman, but of the artist. It would restore building, decoration, glass-painting, pottery, wood-carving, and metal-work to their rightful place beside painting and sculpture. By so placing them they would be once more regarded as legitimate and honourable expressions of the artistic spirit, and would stand in their true relation not only to sculpture and painting but to the drama, to music, and to literature.

In other words, the Century Guild seeks to emphasize the *Unity of Art;* and by thus dignifying Art in all its forms, it hopes to make it living, a thing of our own century, and of the people.

In the Hobby Horse, the Guild will provide a means of expression for these aims, and for other serious thoughts about Art.

The matter of the Hobby Horse will deal, chiefly, with the practical application of Art to life; but it will also contain illustrations and poems, as well as literary and biographical essays.

All communications to be addressed to the Editor, care of

KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH AND CO.

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY.

To be had of all Booksellers.

CONTENTS OF NO. VIII.

PAGE

FRONTISPIECE: "HIEMS." Designed and drawn on the wood by Selwyn Image, and cut by C. M. Padday.

SONNETS: "THE DAFFODIL." John Addington Symonds . . 121

"POTENTIA SILENTIÆ: BEING A SELECTION OF PASSAGES FROM THE LETTERS AND PAPERS OF JAMES SMETHAM" . 123

POEMS: "DIVERSI COLORES." Herbert P. Horne . . . 131

"DIANA, MARS, AND VENUS." A Photogravure of the original drawing by Andrea Mantegna in the Print Room of the British Museum. By the kind permission of the Trustees. *To face page* 134

WILLIAM BLAKE'S "MARRIAGE OF HEAVEN AND HELL," now first printed from the engraved original, with an Introductory Note by the Editor 135

"STAINED GLASS, ANCIENT AND MODERN." J. Aldam Heaton . 158

NESCIO QUÆ NUGARUM:

No. VI. St. Mary-le-Strand. Herbert P. Horne . . 160

UPB

Vault Collection

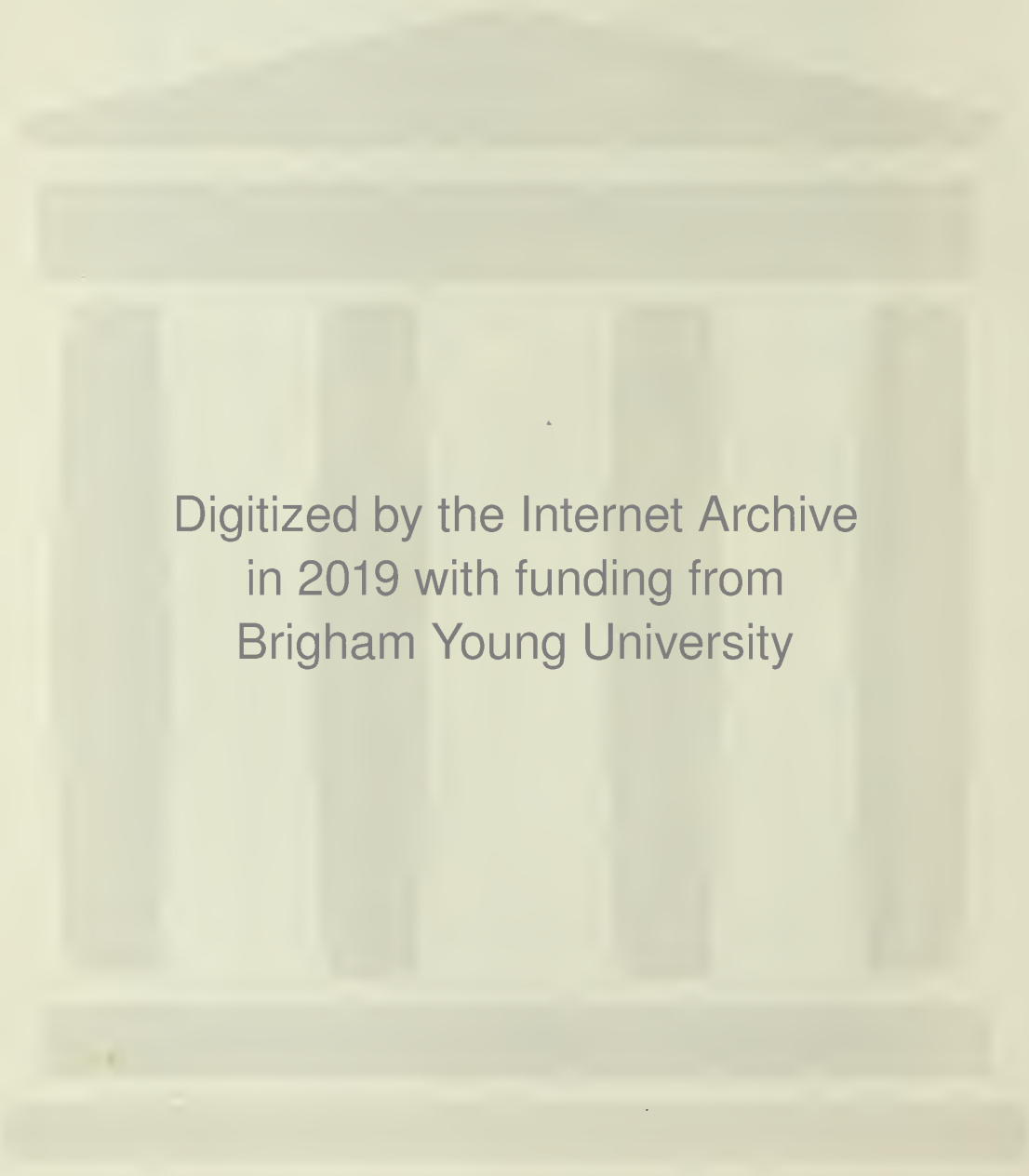
N
1
.H7
no.8
1887
October

L. Tom Perry Special Collections
Harold B. Lee Library
Brigham Young University

BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY

3 1197 23494 0259

C.P.



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2019 with funding from
Brigham Young University

https://archive.org/details/centuryguildhobb81887lond

THE DAFFODIL.

I.

NARCISSUS' FLOWER.

"Ah me for youth! Ah me for dolorous eld!
This comes apace, while that fleets fast away!"
So sang Theognis in the birth of May,
When grace and love o'er Hellas empire held.
He sat beside the brook, and watched the belled
Beauty of daffodils that laughed a day,
Then sank into decrepitude's decay—
Thin shrivelled husks wherethrough the north-wind knelled.
He sat and watched the blossoms: from their bloom
Upgrew before his dreaming poet's eyes
A youth of mystic loveliness, inclined
Face-forward o'er the hurrying streamlet's gloom,
Bending dark brows of yearning, dim surmise,
To search time's turbid flood with prescient mind.

II.

BALDER'S FLOWER.

WHENE'ER man looks upon the daffodil,
Let him remember golden Balder's death:
In Asgard's hall He yielded up his breath,
Whom all the gods were impotent to kill,
Save Loki with sly mistletoe: then chill
Winter descended, and the world had scathe;
And Odin wandered, a pale waning wraith,
What time his darling dwelt with Hela still.
Yet Balder had not wholly died; for spring
Returning brought pure summer airs again;
And jocund harbingers of that sweet birth
Were new-fledged daffodils on bare grey earth,
Balder's own flowers, bright cups of golden grain,
Girt with frail sunbeams in a silvery ring.

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

POTENTIA SILENTIÆ:

BEING A SELECTION OF PASSAGES FROM THE LETTERS AND PAPERS OF JAMES SMETHAM.

IF we except a passing reference and a reprinted essay, both of which are to be found in the second edition of Gilchrist's Life of Blake, the name of James Smetham is one which signifies little or nothing to the world, although he was known to a select circle as a painter of poetic and scriptural subjects, and amongst a large number of intimate friends as a thinker of no ordinary powers. It was therefore with unusual pleasure, being aware of his genius, that I accepted the proposal of Mr. Frederic Shields that he should prevail upon the possessors of James Smetham's letters and papers to place the more important of them in our hands, in order that portions might be selected for publication in this magazine.

Though all the pieces which we shall give in these articles were hastily thrown off in letters, yet they were not entirely written without some thought of being afterwards published, for when we came to read through a long series of papers addressed to his friend, Mr. Wm. Davies, the author of "The Pilgrimage of the Tiber," we found in one of them dated April 24th, 1858, a somewhat lengthy scheme for "a mutual book." "By management," he writes, "I think life might be diverted into a useful channel in the form of a book. I could draw fifty designs on wood, large and small, and get them cut from time to

time, storing them up. Our poetry would do something; our letters past, present, and to come, would do more; and longer essays on our own subjects might be written. As to mode, a good thought has occurred. Of course it must be fragmentary. 'Friends in council' would give some limit as to plan; and the vignettes, etc., would 'give it a relish' which, we flatter ourselves, few authors of moderate abilities could give. But what I mean is, that the whole affair when published should affect *not* to be published; no preface, but fragments of letters about our plan for a book, with innocent remarks about the various pieces in it, and concluding with a hope that one day we shall publish it, having a serio-comic conclusion that our MSS. and pictures had been stolen, and surreptitiously sent out into the world. As to the serious part of the book, without which I could not be content to do it, we might safely preserve our individuality; I my Methodism and dogged adherence to a narrow line, you your free-thinking and horror of 'replies.' We might now and then pelt one another, and do good by eliciting truth that way. The jokey parts should never be so broad as to make the most serious religious utterances seem incongruous; and yet, I think we have a vein of *fun* which would make us readable."

In an earlier letter of November, 1855, the title with which I have headed this article was accepted. "I like," he says, "The Power of Silence. I don't think it would be better for further motto." And in a humorous sketch appended to the same letter, the scroll of their intended labours is inscribed with it in Latin.

So far as it is now possible, we hope to realize James Smetham's portion of the book in the short series of articles of which, we trust, this may be the first. In a future number we hope to represent the humour, and by reproductions of some of his drawings, the pictorial part of it; but for the present we must content

ourselves by giving a selection of literary criticisms taken almost entirely from the series of letters mentioned above as being addressed to Mr. Davies. To me it seems so surely upon these fragments is set the seal and assurance of genius, that any words of commendation of mine, or even of those more fitted to speak than myself, could not well be pertinent here. I shall, therefore, append to these selected pieces only such introductory remarks as are absolutely needed for the proper understanding of them.

In this first fragment, dated April, 1857, the one point that seems to require any explanation is the name "Augustus," which occurs twice towards the close. "Augustus" is an imaginary personage who frequently figures in these letters addressed to Mr. Davies as well as in the many sketches they contain. By it James Smetham would seem to intend a playful over-emphasization by certain traits in his own character; but we hope to illustrate this more fully later on.

"If a traveller passing in a 'dark summer dawn' over a lofty mountain track across moorlands very wide and waste were to see, as the amber of the east revealed the world to him, a strange looking image at a distance among the heather, dark against the purple horizon and the yellow daybreak 'in a bed of daffodil sky,' and coming near to it were to discern unmistakable evidence that a huge granite rock had been carved into the rude images of two human beings; if wondering, he were to examine its base and find that neither by name, nor by style, could he tell whether it had been carved two or ten centuries ago.—To his eye it seems as if Michael Angelo, striding in his sleep across the wild, had been trying to realize a human nightmare which would not let him rest in his bed; and yet, though there is the colossal aim, there is not the science of Angelo.

"Two human forms are locked in an embrace strong and stern as death. The woman strains her arms round the man, but the man—or, as he looks, is it the fiend?—flings one arm and one clenched hand, outwards and upwards, as if in imprecation. The faces gaze at each other with portentous passion. The features—as he strives to study them, he sees that there are no features, but lichen and moss and obscure trenches of grey storm-battered stone—glimmer into expression only while he is not searching them. He doubts whether it is an unheard of freak of nature; and yet there is design, and unity, and simplicity, and meaning, and unutterable passion, with pathos which rends the heart. 'Who did it? and when? and why? and what does it mean? and why have not I heard of it before?'

"The shapeless base springs out of ruddy, clustering heath; a wild rose or two has found its way there. The bleat of a yearning lamb cries out of the deep bloom of the heather. Overhead a lapwing gleams and wails. Dew lies and sparkles all about. He cannot tear himself away; he dare not stay, for he begins to think curious thoughts better for him not to indulge; and coming some days after into the town, his friends think him silent and 'queer'; and in answer to his story about the granite figures, they look silently at one another; and as he cannot tell the whereabout, and no one has ever heard of them before or since, they conclude that he only set out on his pedestrian tour after the strains of publishing his last volume.

"The general and lasting reasonableness of his conversation on all other topics will never persuade them that incipient fever has not something to do with Augustus' story of 'The granite figures.' And to this day they are always observably peculiar in their manners when stranger or friend incidentally grows curious about that summer trip which he persists in saying was the pleasantest he ever took in his life.

"The place, though, where he saw them was 'Wuthering Heights,' and the granite figures were Heathcliff and his lover Catherine; so that Augustus was by no means feverish, nor though he can render no account of the whereabouts, does it much matter.

"The above rhapsody is my 'impression' of Ellis Bell's work, and I think I feel it to be great; but whether it comes from my own or another mind, *such a mode* of using the grand and glorious faculties of the mind demands continual protest; and I feel as I grow older, and I trust wiser, more disposed to denounce and renounce all such action of the intellect and heart. At twenty I should have gloried in it; at thirty-five I as heartily despise it both in myself and others. The intellect is *not* the foundation of glory and grandeur. That which the ploughman has in common with Sir Isaac Newton, is the vast base of the pyramid of human glory and 'the simplicity of the Gospel.' That is the crown of life, the perfection of beauty."

In an earlier letter, dated December, 1855, he gives his impressions on first reading 'Wuthering Heights:'—"I can't find it in my heart to criticise the book. If I were walking with you over those empurpled fells for an autumn day, startling the moor sheep and the lapwing with passionate talk, I could not criticise what you said or I said. It would become sacred. The remembrance would make my soul swell, and the tears come to my eyes in the midst of the stern hard life of the city.

"And yet if I could see it to be a duty, I should greatly enjoy shutting up in a lone farm-house for three days in the winter, to write a criticism on it. It is a wild, wailing, moorland wind full of that unutterable love, and anguish, and mystery, and passion, which form the substratum of high natures. Turner has a landscape which is *it*.

It *is* those wild hills, and a storm is *wuthering* over them, and the molten lightening is licking the heather, and nobody knows it but the one solitary soul which he has not put there, who is watching it from a window in the waste.

"But there is a very solemn and peaceful perception of a truth most powerful just now to my mind, even while I am giving inwardly a full unrestrained tribute of sympathy and admiration to this book and the mind that conceived it, namely, that the real eternal, the *true*, the abiding, does not lie in these grandeurs and swelling emotions and entrancing passions in any measure. They are indeed noble lineaments of our nature but that by which we *live* is different.

. . . "Heathcliff is quite impossible, and therefore so far feeble. He is no bogie to me at all. Catherine is far more fearful because quite possible. Heathcliff is an impalpable nightmare, and I put him beside that man who followed me in a dream with a loaded horse-pistol among the rafters of Lincoln Cathedral holding a dark lantern."

In a series of passages collected by Mrs. Smetham we find this yet further allusion to 'Wuthering Heights,' which seems to make still more clear the purpose of the preceding criticisms on it.

"Take an instance of *wrong* work of the imagination, and its deadly effects. A line of poetry sometimes pierces me like an arrow, and for some years past two lines from 'Wuthering Heights' (quoted there) have given me acute pain :—

> *'It was late in the night, and the bairnies grat*
> *The mother beneath the mools, heard that.'*

If ever those two lines came across my mind I used to feel them *sting*. I heard the wail of the children, and saw the dusky corpse

lift itself in the darkness—when the 'four handed mole' was scraping, incapable of helping—with the heart quick and beating, and the sudden tear starting to the decaying eye and running down the phosphorescent cheek. Mine seemed to be a pain of human tenderness, till one day I thought to myself, 'that's a lying dream and clear contrary to all imaginative truth, poisonous because it stings you to no purpose.' Let anyone write of the wail of a *starving* mother, and your imagination wakens your sympathy. And when you see a pale appealing face in the rain, you have the line ringing in your ears, and you give a penny you would not have given, and you come nearer and nearer to going up garret stairs, which you will some day if your heart goes with your imagination on healthful journeys. All hail! to Thomas Hood for the 'Song of the Shirt' with the muffled thunder, and smothered lightning of its wild numbers. There imagination is healthy and deep."

This last fragment, a little essay on poetry, is taken from a letter to Mr. Davies, entirely devoted to verse serious and humorous, dated May, 1855 :—

"Writing poetry should be a very serious business where it is published, so never mind how much you chip and hew; a man is very weak if his second thoughts are not his best. I will not say anything about Cardinal Bembo's fortieth revise, but generally three or four will serve a strong man's purpose. If a man has not very generally, when body and mind are fresh, his imagination at command he 'hasn't got none,' and these rules have no respect to that man. But thought is like the block of Isaiah's idolater; part he burneth in the fire (destroys), with part he roasteth the roast (feeds himself),

and saith 'Aha! I am warm,' (enjoys his own ingenuity and comforts himself with it), and with the rest he makes a god; and then the Shelleys and the Byrons fall down and worship the work of their own hands: but the righteous man dedicates and adorns them that they may become cherubim whose outspread golden wings gleam under the carven palms and pomegranates of the Temple; and Hiram, the widow's son of Tyre, is anointed with the spirit of wisdom and understanding, so that his dreams are filled with the pendant lily-work and the fair wreathings of the Sanctuary, catching, while the veil is drawn aside, a glimmer of the Shekinah."

For the present this must suffice, but in the following number we hope to give further examples of these remarkable criticisms, and on subjects no less interesting. In conclusion, we must acknowledge our entire indebtedness to Mrs. Smetham and Mr. Davies, without whose generosity we should not have been able to enrich these pages in the way we have done.

THE EDITOR.

DIVERSI COLORES.

FOR DAISY: IMITATED FROM CATULLUS, XLVIIJ.

Nay, had but you, most beautiful, most loved,
Given me all my way,—
Thrown back your gorgeous head out of pure joy,
Nor stirred at all till I
Had with three hundred thousand kisses shut
Those honied eyes of yours,
My heart would not have sated been; no, no,
Not if our kisses' score
Surpast the infinite ears of ripened corn
That summer looks upon.

TO ——, ON RETURNING A SILK KERCHIEF OF HERS.

Winged with my kisses go, go thou to her
And bid her bind thee round her faultless throat,
Till thou, close-lying o'er the charmèd stir
Of her white breast, grow warm and seem to float

Away into the golden noon, the still,
Deep sunlight of her. Oh, sleep on! 'Tis thine,
Love's summer day. No, not June's throngèd hours
So glad are when the song of birds fulfill
Earth, and the breezes in the grass decline,
Held by the scent of many thousand flowers.

Yet loose that flood of kisses that thou hast
Into her bosom and through all her hair,
Whispering it is my utmost wealth amassed
For her being fairest, nor do thou forbear
Until she feel my spirit, like a blush,
Steal by her shoulder and frail neck, for when
The gorgeous scarlet burning shall have moved
Over her cheek, the little after-hush
Will tell to her that I am happy then,
God! for how short a time, and—she is loved.

Loved? Wherefore loved that never may be had,
Never enjoyed? Is it that thus might grow
From out a look, a touch, now past and sad,
My Beatrice, and my perfect love, and so
Dwell with me here although the while I guess
'Tis but a dream which only does me wrong.
O wretched thought! and yet the hour that girds
My pensive nature with her loveliness,
Would bitter be as 'tis unto this Song
To wed these thoughts too stern for dainty words.

Would 'twere no dream this dream, this long, devout,
  Untiring worship vainly yet essayed,
This absolute love, then were the torturing doubt,
  The troubled ocean of the soul allayed;
Desire would have her lust and we have ease
  Here from her everlasting thirst, nor pine
    Vainly, but feel the fret, the harrowed breath,
The throbbing heart that will not, will not cease,
  Stilled into marble, Greek-like, calm, divine,
    Remembering not the past—Stay! *This is death.*

LINES SUGGESTED BY THE OMISSION OF THE WORD "HAERETICISQUE" IN THE RESTORED INSCRIPTION ON SIR THOMAS MORE'S TOMB AT CHELSEA.

From Arius to Luther it was truth,
  They in this night
    Looked but diversely for the breaking east;
Yea, Lord, in sooth
  All, all desired thy light
    And mourned sin had not ceased.

"Light, light!" they cried, and yet no light prevailed.
  What, stumbled they?
    They stumbled then where no man surely trod,
Though Christ they hailed.
  Beautiful spirits! Aye,
    I dwell in too much beauty, O my God!

LINES WRITTEN IN THE GLEN AT PENKILL.

'Tis nature's garden that she made
For love and noble thought,
A wonder of green boughs and shade
Through which a stream she brought,
With bubbling wells to cool the glade.
It were a place, if any were,
To tell the sacred sheaves
Of garnered joys within this fair,
This quiet church of leaves,
Unto the good, the patient air.

But love, and life, and holy song,
Already fade and lose
Their early zest, and soonest wrong
That which we most would choose,
And mingle with the common throng.

HERBERT P. HORNE.

ANDREA MANTEGNA.

WILLIAM BLAKE'S MARRIAGE OF HEAVEN AND HELL.

THOUGH it was only within the last few years that Mr. Muir issued from his "Blake Press" a very accurate and beautiful facsimile of the Marriage of Heaven and Hell, yet up to the present time this most remarkable of all Blake's prose writings has never been printed with ordinary types. True it is that many extracts from it were given by Mr. Swinburne and by the authors of the Life, still any work of art, and whatever may be its faults the Marriage of Heaven and Hell is eminently a work of *art*, cannot be judged rightly by fragments; so that now for the first time it will be possible for the many students of Blake, to whom the few original, and the scarcely more plentiful facsimile copies are inaccessable, to judge of it as a whole, and form some estimate of its worth as a prose work apart from the decorative designs in which it was set by Blake.

By the courtesy of Mr. Montague Rhodes James of the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge, I have been enabled to give the text exactly as it was originally published, he having kindly collated a transcript of a copy in private possession with a very beautiful copy in that Museum, the only original one, so far as I am aware, in any public library. I have however thought it advisable to alter the stops in many places, for otherwise it would often necessitate much trouble on the part of the reader to arrive at the true sense of the text. But wherever it was possible I have kept Blake's punctuation, and invariably his

spelling, notwithstanding its errors ; for the trivial faults of some men have more interest and distinction than the virtues of half the world. The Fitzwilliam copy was left to the Museum, together with many books and engravings, by Mr. R. E. Kenrick, formerly University Librarian, and was bought by him in 1856. The book consists of twenty-seven engraved leaves, and was published in 1790 at 28, Poland Street, Oxford Street, when Blake was thirty-three years of age.

I know only of one other book the purpose of which I could compare with the purpose of the Marriage of Heaven and Hell; it is Mr. Arnold's 'Literature and Dogma.' Both have in common this aim, "to recast religion." Both again have this quality in common, the quality of satire ; but in Blake it saturates the entire work and the humour of it is immense. The methods, however, employed in these two books are very different. Blake's proposition is contained in the text, "The letter killeth, but the Spirit giveth life;" it is to distinguish between the true Light and the Darkness which calls itself Light. Moreover he cares only to be understood by those who seek this mysterious "Spirit" which is beneath the letter. By the Pharisaical children of mere orthodoxy and dead theologies he desires to be actually *mis*-understood. He calls their empty faith, religion ; their material hereafter, heaven ; and themselves Angels : while the children of light to whom the dogmas of the churches and the conventions of society seem the chief causes of evil, these he willingly brands of the Devil's party and their heaven hell itself. But this, though it is the key to the whole meaning of this many sided book, yet it is not the most original or most valuable part of it. The insistance on the necessity of evil and the necessity of contraries, or the teaching contained in the passage beginning "The worship of God,"—it is for these, I think, that we shall finally value the book.

THE MARRIAGE OF HEAVEN AND HELL.

THE ARGUMENT.

RINTRAH roars & shakes his fires in the burdend air;
Hungry clouds swag on the deep.

Once meek, & in a perilous path,
The just man kept his course along
The vale of death.
Roses are planted where thorns grow,
And on the barren heath
Sing the honey bees.

Then the perilous path was planted:
And a river, and a spring
On every cliff and tomb;
And on the bleached bones
Red clay brought forth.

Till the villain left the paths of ease
To walk in perilous paths, and drive
The just man into barren climes.

Now the sneaking serpent walks

In mild humility ;
And the just man rages in the wilds
Where lions roam.

Rintrah roars & shakes his fires in the burdend air ;
Hungry clouds swag on the deep.

As a new heaven is begun, and it is now thirty-three years since its advent, the Eternal Hell revives. And lo ! Swedenborg is the Angel sitting at the tomb : his writings are the linen clothes folded up. Now is the dominion of Edom, & the return of Adam into Paradise ; see Isaiah xxxiv. and xxxv. chap :

Without contraries is no progression. Attraction and Repulsion, Reason and Energy, Love and Hate, are necessary to Human existence.

From these contraries spring what the religious call Good & Evil. Good is the Passive that obeys Reason. Evil is the Active springing from Energy.

Good is Heaven. Evil is Hell.

The Voice of the Devil.

All Bibles or sacred codes have been the causes of the following Errors.

1. That Man has two real existing principles, Viz: a Body & a Soul.
2. That Energy, called Evil, is alone from the Body; & that Reason, called Good, is alone from the Soul.
3. That God will torment Man in Eternity for following his Energies.

But the following Contraries to these are True.

1. Man has no Body distinct from his Soul, for that calld Body is a portion of Soul discern'd by the five Senses, the chief inlets of Soul in this age.
2. Energy is the only life, and is from the Body; and Reason is the bound or outward circumference of Energy.
3. Energy is Eternal Delight.

Those who restrain desire, do so because theirs is weak enough to be restrained; and the restrainer or reason usurps its place & governs the unwilling.

And being restraind, it by degrees becomes passive till it is only the shadow of desire.

The history of this is written in Paradise Lost, & the Governor or Reason is call'd Messiah.

And the original Archangel or possessor of the command of the heavenly host, is call'd the Devil or Satan, and his children are call'd Sin & Death.

But in the book of Job, Milton's Messiah is call'd Satan.

For this history has been adopted by both parties.

It indeed appear'd to Reason as if Desire was cast out; but the Devil's account is, that the Messiah fell, & formed a heaven of what he stole from the Abyss.

This is shewn in the Gospel, where he prays to the Father to send the comforter or Desire that Reason may have Ideas to build on; the Jehovah of the Bible being no other than he who dwells in flaming fire.

Know that after Christ's death, he became Jehovah.

But in Milton, the Father is Destiny, the Son a Ratio of the five senses, & the Holy-ghost Vacuum!

Note. The reason Milton wrote in fetters when he wrote of Angels & God, and at liberty when of Devils & Hell, is because he was a true Poet and of the Devil's party without knowing it.

A Memorable Fancy.

As I was walking among the fires of hell, delighted with the enjoyments of Genius, which to Angels look like torment and insanity, I collected some of their Proverbs; thinking that as the sayings used in a nation mark its character, so the Proverbs of Hell shew the nature of Infernal wisdom better than any description of buildings or garments.

When I came home, on the abyss of the five senses, where a flat sided steep frowns over the present world, I saw a mighty Devil folded in black clouds, hovering on the sides of the rock; with corroding fires he wrote the following sentence now percieved by the minds of men, & read by them on earth.

How do you know but ev'ry Bird that cuts the airy way,
Is an immense world of delight, clos'd by your senses five?

Proverbs of Hell.

In seed time learn, in harvest teach, in winter enjoy.
Drive your cart and your plow over the bones of the dead.
The road of excess leads to the palace of wisdom.
Prudence is a rich ugly old maid courted by Incapacity.
He who desires but acts not, breeds pestilence.
The cut worm forgives the plow.
Dip him in the river who loves water.
A fool sees not the same tree that a wise man sees.
He whose face gives no light, shall never become a star.
Eternity is in love with the productions of time.
The busy bee has no time for sorrow.

The hours of folly are measur'd by the clock; but of wisdom, no clock can measure.

All wholsom food is caught without a net or a trap.

Bring out number weight & measure in a year of dearth.

No bird soars too high, if he soars with his own wings.

A dead body revenges not injuries.

The most sublime act is to set another before you.

If the fool would persist in his folly he would become wise.

Folly is the cloke of knavery.

Shame is Prides cloke.

Prisons are built with stones of Law, Brothels with bricks of Religion.

The pride of the peacock is the glory of God.

The lust of the goat is the bounty of God.

The wrath of the lion is the wisdom of God.

The nakedness of woman is the work of God.

Excess of sorrow laughs. Excess of joy weeps.

The roaring of lions, the howling of wolves, the raging of the stormy sea, and the destructive sword, are portions of eternity too great for the eye of man.

The fox condemns the trap, not himself.

Joys impregnate. Sorrows bring forth.

Let man wear the fell of the lion, woman the fleece of the sheep.

The bird a nest, the spider a web, man friendship.

The selfish smiling fool & the sullen frowning fool shall be both thought wise, that they may be a rod.

What is now proved was once only imagin'd.

The rat, the mouse, the fox, the rabbet, watch the roots; the lion, the tyger, the horse, the elephant, watch the fruits.

The cistern contains : the fountain overflows.

One thought fills immensity.

Always be ready to speak your mind and a base man will avoid you.

Everything possible to be believ'd is an image of truth.

The eagle never lost so much time as when he submitted to learn of the crow.

The fox provides for himself; but God provides for the lion.

Think in the morning, Act in the noon, Eat in the evening, Sleep in the night.

He who has sufferd you to impose on him knows you.

As the plow follows words, so God rewards prayers.

The tygers of wrath are wiser than the horses of instruction.

Expect poison from the standing water.

You never know what is enough unless you know what is more than enough.

Listen to the fools reproach! it is a kingly title!

The eyes of fire, the nostrils of air, the mouth of water, the beard of earth.

The weak in courage is strong in cunning.

The apple tree never asks the beech how he shall grow; nor the lion the horse, how he shall take his prey.

The thankful reciever bears a plentiful harvest.

If others had not been foolish, we should be so.

The soul of sweet delight can never be defil'd.

When thou seest an Eagle thou seest a portion of Genius, lift up thy head!

As the catterpiller chooses the fairest leaves to lay her eggs on, so the priest lays his curse on the fairest joys.

To create a little flower is the labour of ages.

Damn braces: Bless relaxes.

The best wine is the oldest, the best water the newest.

Prayers plow not! Praises reap not!

Joys laugh not! Sorrows weep not!

The head Sublime, the heart Pathos, the genitals Beauty, the hands & feet Proportion.

As the air to a bird or the sea to a fish, so is contempt to the contemptible.

The crow wish'd everything was black, the owl that everything was white.

Exuberance is Beauty.

If the lion was advised by the fox he would be cunning.

Improve[me]nt makes straight roads, but the crooked roads without Improvement are roads of Genius.

Sooner murder an infant in its cradle than nurse unacted desires.

Where man is not nature is barren.

Truth can never be told so as to be understood and not be believ'd.

Enough! or Too much.

The ancient Poets animated all sensible objects with Gods or Geniuses, calling them by the names and adorning them with the properties of woods, rivers, mountains, lakes, cities, nations, and whatever their enlarged & numerous senses could percieve.

And particularly they studied the genius of each city & country, placing it under its mental deity.

Till a system was formed which some took advantage of & enslav'd the vulgar by attempting to realize or abstract the mental deities from their objects; thus began Priesthood.

Choosing forms of worship from poetic tales.
And at length they pronounced that the Gods had ordered such things.

Thus men forgot that All deities reside in the human breast.

A Memorable Fancy.

The Prophets Isaiah and Ezekiel dined with me, and I asked them how they dared so roundly to assert that God spake to them; and whether they did not think at the time, that they would be misunderstood, & so be the cause of imposition.

Isaiah answer'd. I saw no God, nor heard any in a finite organical perception; but my senses discover'd the infinite in every thing; and as I was then perswaded, & remain confirm'd, that the voice of honest indignation is the voice of God, I cared not for consequences but wrote.

Then I asked: does a firm perswasion that a thing is so, make it so?

He replied. All poets believe that it does, & in ages of imagination this firm perswasion removed mountains: but many are not capable of a firm perswasion of anything.

Then Ezekiel said. The philosophy of the east taught the first principles of human perception ; some nations held one principle for the origin & some another; we of Israel taught that the Poetic Genius (as you now call it) was the first principle and all the others merely derivative, which was the cause of our despising the Priests & Philosophers of other countries, and prophecying that all Gods would at last be proved to originate in ours & to be the tributaries of the Poetic Genius : it was this that our great poet King David desired so fervently & invokes so patheticly, saying by this he conquers enemies & governs kingdoms ; and we so loved our God, that we cursed in his name all the deities of surrounding nations, and asserted that they had rebelled ; from these opinions the vulgar came to think that all nations would at last be subject to the jews.

This, said he, like all firm perswasions, is come to pass, for all nations believe the jews code and worship the jews god, and what greater subjection can be.

I heard this with some wonder, & must confess my own conviction. After dinner I ask'd Isaiah to favour the world with his lost works, he said none of equal value was lost. Ezekiel said the same of his.

I also asked Isaiah what made him go naked and bare foot three years ? he answered, the same that made our friend Diogenes the Grecian.

I then asked Ezikiel, why he eat dung, & lay so long on his right & left side ? he answerd, the desire of raising other men into a perception of the infinite ; this the North American tribes practise,

& is he honest who resists his genius or conscience, only for the sake of present ease or gratification ?

The ancient tradition that the world will be consumed in fire at the end of six thousand years is true, as I have heard from Hell.

For the cherub with his flaming sword is hereby commanded to leave his guard at tree of life, and when he does, the whole creation will be consumed, and appear infinite and holy, whereas it now appears finite & corrupt.

This will come to pass by an improvement of sensual enjoyment.

But first the notion that man has a body distinct from his soul is to be expunged; this I shall do by printing in the infernal method by corrosives, which in Hell are salutary and medicinal, melting apparent surfaces away, and displaying the infinite which was hid.

If the doors of perception were cleansed every thing would appear to man as it is, infinite.

For man has closed himself up, till he sees all things thro' narrow chinks of his cavern.

A Memorable Fancy.

I was in a Printing house in Hell & saw the method in which knowledge is transmitted from generation to generation.

In the first chamber was a Dragon-Man, clearing away the rubbish from a cave's mouth; within, a number of Dragons were hollowing the cave.

In the second chamber was a Viper folding round the rock & the cave, and others adorning it with gold, silver and precious stones.

In the third chamber was an Eagle with wings and feathers of air, he caused the inside of the cave to be infinite; around were numbers of Eagle-like men, who built palaces in the immense cliffs.

In the fourth chamber were Lions of flaming fire raging around & melting the metals into living fluids.

In the fifth chamber were Unnam'd forms which cast the metals into the expanse.

There they were reciev'd by Men who occupied the sixth chamber, and took the forms of books & were arranged in libraries.

The Giants who formed this world into its sensual existence and now

seem to live in it in chains, are in truth, the causes of its life & the sources of all activity; but the chains are the cunning of weak and tame minds which have power to resist energy, according to the proverb, the weak in courage is strong in cunning.

Thus one portion of being is the Prolific, the other, the Devouring: to the devourer it seems as if the producer was in his chains, but it is not so, he only takes portions of existence and fancies that the whole.

But the Prolific would cease to be Prolific unless the Devourer as a sea recieved the excess of his delights.

Some will say, Is not God alone the Prolific? I answer, God only Acts & Is, in existing beings or Men.

These two classes of men are always upon earth, & they should be enemies; whoever tries to reconcile them seeks to destroy existence. Religion is an endeavour to reconcile the two.

Note. Jesus Christ did not wish to unite but to seperate them, as in the Parable of sheep and goats! & he says, I came not to send Peace but a Sword.

Messiah or Satan or Tempter was formerly thought to be one of the Antediluvians who are our Energies.

A Memorable Fancy.

An Angel came to me and said, O pitiable foolish young man! O horrible! O dreadful state! consider the hot burning dungeon thou art preparing for thyself to all eternity, to which thou art going in such career.

I said, perhaps you will be willing to shew me my eternal lot & we will contemplate together upon it and see whether your lot or mine is most desirable.

So he took me thro' a stable & thro' a church & down into the church vault at the end of which was a mill: thro' the mill we went, and came to a cave, down the winding cavern we groped our tedious way till a void boundless as a nether sky appeard beneath us, & we held by the roots of trees and hung over this immensity; but I said, if you please we will commit ourselves to this void, and see whether providence is here also, if you will not I will? but he answerd, do not presume O young man, but as we here remain, behold thy lot which will soon appear when the darkness passes away.

So I remain'd with him sitting in the twisted root of an oak, he was suspended in a fungus which hung with the head downward into the deep.

By degrees we beheld the infinite Abyss, fiery as the smoke of a burning city; beneath us at an immense distance was the sun, black but shining; round it were fiery tracks on which revolv'd vast spiders crawling after their prey, which flew or rather swum in the infinite

deep, in the most terrific shapes of animals sprung from corruption: & the air was full of them, & seemed composed of them; these are Devils, and called Powers of the air. I now asked my companion which was my eternal lot? he said, between the black & white spiders.

But now, from between the black & white spiders a cloud and fire burst and rolled thro' the deep, blackning all beneath, so that the nether deep grew black as a sea & rolled with a terrible noise: beneath us was nothing now to be seen but a black tempest, till looking east between the clouds & the waves, we saw a cataract of blood mixed with fire, and not many stones throw from us appeard and sunk again the scaly fold of a monstrous serpent; at last to the east, distant about three degrees, appear'd a fiery crest above the waves, slowly it reared like a ridge of golden rocks till we discover'd two globes of crimson fire, from which the sea fled away in clouds of smoke, and now we saw it was the head of Leviathan; his forehead was divided into streaks of green & purple, like those on a tygers forehead; soon we saw his mouth & red gills hang just above the raging foam, tinging the black deep with beams of blood, advancing toward us with all the fury of a spiritual existence.

My friend the Angel climb'd up from his station into the mill; I remain'd alone, & then this appearance was no more, but I found myself sitting on a pleasant bank beside a river by moonlight hearing a harper who sung to the harp, & his theme was, The man who never alters his opinion is like standing water, & breeds reptiles of the mind.

But I arose and sought for the mill, & there I found my Angel who surprised asked me how I escaped?

I answer'd. All that we saw was owing to your metaphysics: for when you ran away, I found myself on a bank by moonlight hearing a harper. But now we have seen my eternal lot, shall I shew you yours? he laughd at my proposal: but I by force suddenly caught him in my arms, & flew westerly thro' the night, till we were elevated above the earths shadow: then I flung myself with him directly into the body of the sun, here I clothed myself in white, & taking in my hand Swedenborgs volumes sunk from the glorious clime, and passed all the planets till we came to saturn, here I staid to rest & then leap'd into the void between saturn & the fixed stars.

Here, said I, is your lot, in this space, if space it may be called. Soon we saw the stable and the church, & I took him to the altar and open'd the Bible, and lo! it was a deep pit into which I descended driving the Angel before me; soon we saw seven houses of brick, one we entered; in it were a number of monkeys, baboons, & all of that species chaind by the middle, grinning and snatching at one another, but witheld by the shortness of their chains: however I saw that they sometimes grew numerous, and then the weak were caught by the strong, and with a grinning aspect, first coupled with & then devourd, by plucking off first one limb and then another till the body was left a helpless trunk, this after grinning & kissing it with seeming fondness they devour'd too; and here and there I saw one savourily picking the flesh off of his own tail; as the stench terribly annoyd us both we went into the mill, & I in my hand

brought the skeleton of a body which in the mill was Aristotles Analytics.

So the Angel said: thy phantasy has imposed upon me & thou oughtest to be ashamed.

I answer'd: we impose on one another, & it is but lost time to converse with you whose works are only Analytics.

I have always found that Angels have the vanity to speak of themselves as the only wise; this they do with a confident insolence sprouting from systematic reasoning.

Thus Swedenborg boasts of what he writes is new: tho' it is only the Contents or Index of already publish'd books.

A man carried a monkey about for a shew, & because he was a little wiser than the monkey, grew vain and conciev'd himself as much wiser than seven men. It is so with Swedenborg; he shews the folly of churches & exposes hypocrites, till he imagines that all are religious, & himself the single one on earth that ever broke a net.

Now hear a plain fact: Swedenborg has not written one new truth. Now hear another: he has written all the old falshoods.

And now hear the reason. He conversed with Angels who are all religious, & conversed not with Devils who all hate religion, for he was incapable thro' his conceited notions.

Thus Swedenborgs writings are a recapitulation of all superficial opinions, and an analysis of the more sublime, but no further.

Have now another plain fact. Any man of mechanical talents may from the writings of Paracelsus or Jacob Behmen, produce ten thousand volumes of equal value with Swedenborg's; and from those of Dante or Shakespear, an infinite number.

But when he has done this, let him not say that he knows better than his master, for he only holds a candle in sunshine.

A Memorable Fancy.

Once I saw a Devil in a flame of fire, who arose before an Angel that sat on a cloud, and the Devil utter'd these words.

The worship of God is, Honouring his gifts in other men each according to his genius, and loving the greatest men best; those who envy or calumniate great men hate God, for there is no other God.

The Angel hearing this became almost blue but mastering himself he grew yellow, & at last white pink & smiling, and then replied,

Thou Idolater, is not God One? & is not he visible in Jesus Christ? and has not Jesus Christ given his sanction to the law of ten commandments, and are not all other men fools, sinners, & nothings?

The Devil answered; bray a fool in a morter with wheat yet shall not his folly be beaten out of him: if Jesus Christ is the greatest man, you ought to love him in the greatest degree; now hear how he has given his sanction to the law of ten commandments: did he not mock at the sabbath, and so mock the sabbaths God? murder those who were murderd because of him? turn away the law from the woman taken in adultery? steal the labor of others to support him? bear false witness when he omitted making a defence before Pilate? covet when he pray'd for his disciples, and when he bid them shake off the dust of their feet against such as refused to lodge them? I tell you, no virtue can exist without breaking these ten commandments: Jesus was all virtue, and acted from impulse, not from rules.

When he had so spoken: I beheld the Angel who stretched out his arms embracing the flame of fire & he was consumed and arose as Elijah.

Note. This Angel, who is now become a Devil, is my particular friend: we often read the Bible together in its infernal or diabolical sense which the world shall have if they behave well.

I have also the Bible of Hell which the world shall have whether they will or no.

One Law for the Lion & Ox is Oppression.

A Song of Liberty.

1. The Eternal Female groand! it was heard over all the Earth:
2. Albion's coast is sick silent; the American meadows faint!
3. Shadows of Prophecy shiver along by the lakes and the rivers, and mutter across the ocean. France rend down thy dungeon,
4. Golden Spain burst the barriers of old Rome;
5. Cast thy keys, O Rome, into the deep down falling, even to eternity down falling,
6. And weep.
7. In her trembling hands she took the new born terror howling;
8. On those infinite mountains of light now barr'd out by the atlantic sea, the new born fire stood before the starry king!
9. Flag'd with grey brow'd snows and thunderous visages the jealous wings wav'd over the deep.
10. The speary hand burned aloft, unbuckled was the shield, forth went the hand of jealousy among the flaming hair, and hurl'd the new born wonder thro' the starry night.
11. The fire, the fire is falling!
12. Look up! look up! O citizen of London, enlarge thy countenance; O Jew, leave counting gold! return to thy oil and wine; O African! black African! (go, winged thought, widen his forehead.)

13. The fiery limbs, the flaming hair, shot like the sinking sun into the western sea.
14. Wak'd from his eternal sleep, the hoary element roaring fled away;
15. Down rush'd, beating his wings in vain, the jealous king; his grey brow'd councellors, thunderous warriors, curl'd veterans, among helms, and shields, and chariots, horses, elephants: banners, castles, slings and rocks,
16. Falling, rushing, ruining! buried in the ruins on Urthona's dens.
17. All night beneath the ruins, then their sullen flames faded emerge round the gloomy king,
18. With thunder and fire: leading his starry hosts thro' the waste wilderness, he promulgates his ten commands, glancing his beamy eyelids over the deep in dark dismay,
19. Where the son of fire in his eastern cloud, while the morning plumes her golden breast,
20. Spurning the clouds written with curses, stamps the stony law to dust, loosing the eternal horses from the dens of night, crying Empire is no more! and now the lion & wolf shall cease.

CHORUS.

Let the Priests of the Raven of dawn, no longer in deadly black, with hoarse note curse the sons of joy. Nor his accepted brethren whom, tyrant, he calls free, lay the bound or build the roof. Nor pale religious letchery call that virginity, that wishes but acts not!

For every thing that lives is Holy.

STAINED GLASS,

ANCIENT AND MODERN.

In Keble College the other day, a friend remarked "We shall soon want a fresh set of Church restorations—to get rid of modern stained glass:"—and certainly the specimens before us justified the remark, a remark which brought to one's mind all the gross vulgarity of colour, feebleness of execution, poverty of design, and general inanity of scheme, all overshadowed by a strong tendency towards greenish-jaundice, which characterises ninety per cent. of all the glass now being made for cathedrals, churches, and alas! also for houses.

I am far indeed from wishing to include Mr. Morris's work in this condemnation, and as he doesn't make anything like a tenth of what is produced, I leave room for *some* respectable work by other makers: but this does not even veil the fact that the production of this splendid item of the decorator's art has fallen into *most* incompetent hands, and has become a prominent source of *de*-decoration to our buildings, and of annoyance and vexation to all men of cultivated taste.

Anyone who has seen the cathedral and the church of S. Pierre at Chartres, knows something of the glory and delight of stained glass as it was and as it should be; and the descent from that to such glass as that at Keble College, all but inexplicable even in this age of all round art-degradation, brings one to the consideration of the present manner of its production and the class of workmen who produce it.

The mere fact of modern glass being drawn on paper only, even by such accomplished designers as Mr. Burne-Jones, and then transferred to glass by copyists,—copyists whom one feels inclined to class as "clerks,"—points at once to an inevitable and fatal element of inferiority. What would a man think, having given an order for a picture to an eminent artist, when he discovered that the eminent artist had only drawn it in chalk on paper, and then handed it over to his "young man" to copy it in colours on canvas!

Yet this is what is done[1] universally in stained glass; whereby we at once lose "touch," sparkle, breadth, and originality of handling, and get in exchange the mechanical monotony of the copyist;—with this further mischief, that whereas the canvas or the panel may bear, and often with great advantage, the most minute detailing and stippling, as witness the work of Memling or Van Eyck, such work is fatal on glass, where translucency should be a prominent characteristic.

[1] The only exception I know of is the excellent work of Mr. H. A. Kennedy.

How far this mechanical condition can be carried, and how utterly it can destroy every semblance of any quality which goes to make art, may be seen by anyone who will take the trouble to examine Munich glass—say in Glasgow cathedral.

The copyist delights in a hard, wire-like, mechanical line, and is proud of it: the artist avoids it as he would a plague. The copyist, if he has projection to express, knows no way but stippling the whole surface—now light may be, now dark, but everywhere stippled, suffering always from that most inartistic fault of not knowing where to stop: the mediæval artist, who always appears to have known and felt the qualities and capabilities of the material he was working in, saw at once that sparkle, translucency—*life*—disappear under excess of stippling, and so stopped very far short indeed of the whole surface—often didn't stipple at all.

Indeed, stained glass, theoretically, should be very much of the nature of a *sketch* by an able hand, vigorous in conception, strong in the handling of the principal forms, and slight as possible in mechanism of detail; practically, the glass should be variable in thickness, ribby, and full of air bubbles, so as to produce gradation of colour and enhance the jewel-like effect of its translucence: at least half of its surface should be left clean glass for the sun to shine through: no lines should be used and no "matting" more than are absolutely necessary to express the intention; and the lead, broad and plentiful, should supply the place of darks—formulæ which seem almost the exact contradictories of most of our modern productions.

Nor is this mischief of hard line and all-pervading "mat" the whole of the trouble. There is manifestly no use in drawing on glass with anything not permanent enough to stand the kiln at first and Jack Frost later; and no such materials being known to us but yellow silver stain and a blackish grey, best described as *dirt*, the copyist who has a figure with canopy or other background to draw on glass, practically covers the whole of his surface with *dirt*.

What then becomes of his *colour?* and so we see, in that apotheosis of bad art, modern German glass, that all deep and rich coloured glass has to be avoided, because when matted over it becomes black, and the maker flies to thin and gaudy tints, which even when covered with dirt, still look blue or green, violet or scarlet.

It is idle to speculate on what sort of men produced such windows as we see at Chartres and Evreux;—did the designer himself draw them on the glass? were they ever designed on paper at all? Traditional art was then in existence, and possibly very illiterate and homespun fellows in hodden grey drew them: but he would be a bold man indeed who should assert that with all our modern appliances and experience of the past into the bargain to guide us, we are at all in a way to reproduce such work: not only are our designers for the most part utterly below the level of their work, but if it is to be honourably called "art-work" at all, the copyist must be got rid of, and the designer must learn the perfectly simple art of staining and drawing on the glass.

Among the scores of young artists whom I have seen seeking work from decorators,

only one has declared his ability to draw on glass, and one more his willingness to learn. To me it seems that there is room for one hundred.

Cannot our Royal Academy here find a new line for some of its ever over-crowding list of students? Not to mention bad pictures, too many good ones are painted, but, relatively speaking, almost no good glass is produced, and this for want of the very men who often can't sell their easel pictures when they have painted them!

JOHN ALDAM HEATON.

NESCIO QUÆ NUGARUM.

No. VI.

ST. MARY-LE-STRAND.

A PORTION of the cornice of the church of Saint Mary-le-Strand having fallen down, the church has been pronounced unsafe, and a movement is abroad for its demolition. This is no *reason* for its removal, it is only an *excuse*. The present lust to annihilate the masterpieces of Gibbs, witness the portico of Saint Martin's-in-the-Fields, as well as the masterpieces of Wren, is one of the surest revelations of the real state of the architecture of to-day. It is the natural thing for the age that could build—let us say for example Northumberland Avenue, to wipe out of existence the work of men the greatness of whose art was only the expression of the sincerity of their lives.

Northumberland Avenue is apparently a street of the most imposing architectural buildings, but really, with perhaps one exception, it consists of vast erections in which there is not the slightest trace of any feeling for art, or the least presence of any one architectural quality. Simplicity, proportion, composition, and subordination of parts are wholly wanting in these buildings; much less do we find in them any taste, delicacy, depth of feeling, or distinction; neither are they in any way related to—No, no! they are very admirably related to the times.

One's first impulse in a matter of this sort is to write an elaborate appeal for the church of St. Mary-le-Strand; to point out that in some ways it is finer than the more celebrated church of St. Martin; to plead also for St. Olave, Jewry; for the faultless tower of St. Mary Magdalene, Knightrider Street; to point out that Wren and Gibbs had each of them an architectural style as real and distinct as the style of Palladio is from the style of Bernini: but what a farce this would be. The question whether these buildings are to stand or not, appears to rest entirely with men to whom there seems less chance of the qualities and worth of fine architecture dawning upon them, than there is of the other side of the moon revealing itself to future astronomers.

HERBERT P. HORNE.

UPB

NOTICES OF CONTEMPORARY WORK, ETC.

The series of Cartoons by Mr. Frederic Shields, for the mosaics to be placed in the chapel at Eaton Hall, were brought to an end last August, and they are now in the hands of the workmen. Unfortunately, as is the case in all translations from one material to another, much must needs be lost in the process, and therefore it is especially desirable that the cartoons themselves should be accessible. How great a thing would it be if these cartoons, together with those for the windows of the chapel, could be purchased for the South Kensington Museum, or some other public gallery. The influence of such an entirely sincere and lofty work on the flippant and foolish art of the present time cannot be overvalued.

The architects of the Century Guild, Messrs. Mackmurdo and Horne, are engaged on the designs for a Crêche for Leeds. As it is the first Crêche in England, so far as they are aware, as yet planned and built expressly for that purpose, a few words about it may not be out of place here. The building is to include baths and public wash-houses, as well as the nurseries; and the architects have endeavoured to consider the practical requirements of such a building with the result, as they hope, of some improvements in these matters. For instance, the floors of the nurseries will be made of close-set, polished oak, thereby avoiding carpets or the risk of splinters, while it insures complete cleanliness. The heating and cooking will be carried out entirely by steam, thereby evading the difficulty of smoke. As to the design of the building, they hope to get a simple and dignified architectural effect entirely by the contrast and proportions of red and white wall-spaces. The constructional parts will be executed in common red bricks, the intermediate fields or surfaces in finished plaster. Nothing resists the smoky atmosphere of large towns better than this material.

Mr. Selwyn Image will give a series of four lectures on Art during the coming December; details of the arrangements as to which may be had on application to him, care of Messrs. Mackmurdo and Horne, 28, Southampton St., Strand, W.C.

THE CENTURY GUILD WORK.

THE ARCHITECTS:

Messrs. MACKMURDO & HORNE,
28, Southampton St., Strand, W.C.

BUSINESS AGENTS FOR FURNITURE AND DECORATION, TAPESTRIES, SILKS, CRETONNES, WALL PAPERS, ETC.:

Messrs. WILKINSON & SON,
8, Old Bond St., W.

Messrs. GOODALL & CO.,
15 & 17, King St., Manchester.

PICTURE FRAMES DESIGNED BY THE GUILD:

Mr. MURCOTT, Framemaker,
6, Endell St., Long Acre, W.C.

WROUGHT IRON WORK:

Mr. WINSTANLEY,
The Forge,
Bush Hill Park, Enfield, N.

BEATEN AND CHASED BRASS AND COPPER WORK:

Mr. ESLING,
At the Agents of the Century Guild.

In drawing attention to our own work, we have added, with their permission, the names of those workers in art whose aim seems to us most nearly to accord with the chief aim of this magazine. Our list at present is necessarily limited, but with time and care we hope to remedy this defect.

Embroidery :

The Royal School of Art Needlework,
Exhibition Road, South Kensington, W.

Miss May Morris gives private lessons in embroidery, particulars on application, Kelmscott House, Upper Mall, Hammersmith.

Engraved Books and Facsimiles of the Works of Wm. Blake :

Mr. Muir,
The Blake Press, Edmonton.
To be had of Mr. Quaritch,
15, Piccadilly, W.

During the present year, Mr. Muir hopes to publish engraved works from the designs of Mr. Herbert P. Horne.

Furniture and Decoration :

Rhoda and Agnes Garrett,
2, Gower St., W.C.

J. Aldam Heaton,
27, Charlotte St., Bedford Sq., W.C.

Carpets, Silks, Velvets, Chintzes and Wall Papers, Embroidery, and Painted Glass :

Messrs. Morris & Company,
449, Oxford St., W.

Carving, and Modelling for Terra Cotta or Plaster Work :

Mr. B. Creswick,
At the Agents of the Century Guild.

Designing and Engraving upon Wood :

Mr. W. H. Hooper,
5, Hammersmith Terrace, W.

Flint Glass, cut and blown, also Painted Glass:

Messrs. J. Powell & Sons,
Whitefriars Glass Works, Temple St., E.C.

Painted Glass, and Painting applied to Architecture and Furniture:

Mr. Selwyn Image,
51, Rathbone Place, W.C.

Painted Pottery and Tiles:

Mr. William De Morgan,
45, Great Marlborough St., Regent St., W.

Picture Frames:

Mr. Charles Rowley,
St. Ann's St., Manchester.

Printing:

The Chiswick Press,
21, Tooks Court, Chancery Lane, E.C.

All Kinds of Wind Instruments:

Rudall, Rose, Carte & Co.,
23, Berners St., W.

Reproductions of Pictures:

Photographs of Pictures by D. G. Rossetti,
To be had of Mr. W. M. Rossetti, 5, Endsleigh Gardens, N.W.

Platinotype Photographs from the Works of G. F. Watts, R.A., E. Burne-Jones, A.R.A., and others,
Mr. Hollyer,
9, Pembroke Square, Kensington, W.

Processes for Reproduction of Pictures and Drawings as used in this Magazine,
Messrs. Walker & Boutall,
16, Clifford's Inn, Fleet St., E.C.

CHISWICK PRESS:—C. WHITTINGHAM AND CO. TOOKS COURT, CHANCERY LANE.

CENTURY GUILD MUSIC ROOM, INVENTIONS EXHIBITION.

WILKINSON & SON, 8, OLD BOND STREET, W.,
MANUFACTURERS. FURNITURE & STUFFS TO
BE SEEN AT THEIR SHOW ROOMS.

MACKMURDO & HORNE, ARCHTS.,
28, SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, W.C.

MOTHER EXHIBITION MUSIC ROOM, INVENTION